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痛い
it hurts

DEPRESSING POETS/WRITERS CLUB



poetry

death

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Chapter 1 by Kat Hy

Pain wraps its cold fingers around my heart,
Desperation crawls gingerly along each bone,
Anger creeps up my throat,
Depression strangles me,

They demand to be felt,
I ask once,
for them to go away,
twice for them to leave,
thrice I try to push them out of me,
They stay,
notice me,
notice me,
notice me,
they whisper from the bottom of my stomach where I lock them away when normal people are around

Smile,
put the mask of happiness
Hide yourself
behind

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the
disguise.

Afraid?
of what?
of showing the real me?
of hurting others?
of embarrassment?

Save
me
from
eternal
pain.
is what I wish to say.
But they have sucked courage out of me.

I am just one human of billions.
I am just one girl with the cuts on her wrist.
This is just one poem.
One story.

Don't let it be yours.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



And if it is
And it's too late
At least have the courtesy
To save yourself
The trouble.

The scars don't fade

When you swipe them with concealer

And the voices don't stop

When you talk louder

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Chapter 3 by Madeline Of Elven



Poem/Story of a woman who suffers from domestic violence

Even if you scream
Until voice grows as raw and cracked as he ruby-red webbing up your arms
The voices don't stop.
The voices never stop.
Because the voices come from *you*.

They burble up un molten hatred of you
Of him
Of all those who saw and walked away.

They float to the surface seething,
Ready to strike back,
To protect you, please, please, let them loose, LET THEM LOOSE.

You let them loose once.

You made that mistake once.

That mistake was beaten out of you.

Chapter 4 by -

It hurts to live,
You wonder how
You can go on.

You have the
Scars and bruises
To prove it.

Your beauty has

faded, but that
doesn't stop him.

From imprinting
More memories on
your frail body.



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It hurts to live,
You wonder how
You can go on.

Chapter 5 by The Art of Suffering



Pain;
Pain is the feeling I get when I wake up.
Pain is what makes me go on.
Pain is what teaches me to learn.
Pain is what tells me to hold on.
Pain is what kills me the most.

Regret;
Regret is what I hold.
Regret is what we need.
Regret is what tells us we're human.
Regret is what makes us feel guilty.
Regret is what hurts us all.

But pain isn't what you feel when you scrape your knee.
And regret isn't what you feel when you didn't get to say goodbye or your last words were hate.

Pain is what tells us we're still alive and regret is the only thing anchoring the pain down in our souls.

Chapter 6 by A Sv



My mental loss:

In the the night I scream,
To realize it was just a dream.

But then I look at myself and see,
That it actually happened to me.

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Chapter 7 by

Over and Over



It happened. In
The middle of
Every night.

Over and Over
This happens. Out
By the corner
Where I live.

Over and Over
She will come.
Whispering like
The wind - forever.

Chapter 8 by -



The End
has come
as it must
come to all.

The good
and the bad
and the old
and the young.

Everything
will be gone,
the moon the
sun the stars.

Nothing will

be left, not a
thing we love,
not you or me.

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